

# YAP-A-HOO-TEE

AN INDIAN LEGEND, TOLD BY THE SPIRIT OF MINNEHAHAW

Should you ask me, who is Yappy,  
Yappy, Yappy, Yap-a-hoo-tee,  
Yap-a-hoot-a-hoot-a-hoot-tee?  
I should answer thusly, lobster:  
Yap-a-hoot-tee means in Siwash,  
Talk-a-heap, the gabbling gas-bag,  
Heated atmosphere, concocter,  
Prize purveyor of wind-pudding.

On the shores of the Po-to-mac  
Dwells there in the great white wig-wam,  
(When he isn't dwelling elsewhere  
Or gone hunting something somewhere;  
When he isn't on the warpath,  
Slaying Oc-to-pi and bob-cats,  
Tracking Har-ri-mans and Hen-hawks,  
Busting Trusts and Molly-Coddies,  
Swatting Nature Fakirs fiercely,  
Shooting with his hot-air pop-gun,  
Plutoc-Rats and other vermin,  
Undesirable, predaceous,  
Citizens and Male-factors,  
And just raisin' hel-lin-gen-ra!):  
In this wig-wam dwells a Chief-tain,  
Wide of grin, of teeth almighty,  
In this tee-pee roosts a war-lord,  
Given o'er to much chin-music,  
With a tongue that's hitched amid-ships,  
Waggling fore and aft and side-ways,  
To the windward and the leeward,  
Up and down and in and outward,  
Loaded to the muzzle is he  
With high-powered conversation,  
With the gift o' gab most gabbling,  
And when nothing else is doing,  
Or the time hangs somewhat heavy,  
At half-cock he shoots mouth off,  
(For, alas! No notch called "safety"  
Makes him wait "till aim is taken,"  
So it goes off prematurely,  
When he breathes on the hair-trigger),  
Shoots it at his wond'ring tribesmen,  
Bids the married men get busy,  
Bids the squaws produce papooses,  
Bids us join in emulation  
Of the fecund, fertile rabbit,  
Molly Cottontail, the bunny,  
Then he clubs the corpor-a-tions,  
With stuffed club, Billy-Bladder,  
Lams the lining out of credit,  
Hands to Con-fid-ence a hot one,  
Knocks the socks from fourteen billion  
Tainted ducats and si-mol-e-ons,  
Talking ever thru his scalp-lock,  
Handing out his guff in bunches,  
Scares to death most everybody,  
Doesn't do a thing to business,  
Jumps upon the Solar Plexus  
Of the golden ovum gosling,  
Till his crazed tribe, panic-stricken,  
Stunned with words and wind and gabble,  
Hide their store of shells and wam-pum,  
Hide their yellow boys and green-backs  
In their moccasins and stockings.

Once upon these shells and wam-pum,  
Used by all the tribes for money,  
Yap-a-hoot-tee found a motto  
Telling of a God to trust in.  
Yappy talked that motto silly,  
Talked it deaf and dumb and batty,  
Till the words, by words affrighted,  
Faded into the great Skidooward,  
Where is nothingness forever.  
Then he shrieked with war-whoop mighty:  
"Trust in ME, oh, men and maidens,  
Braves and squaws and all papooses,  
Put your trust in Yap-a-hoot-tee;

He's the first, last Hot To-ma-lee,  
He's the only pure tin God-let,  
Here's your motto: "Trust in Yappy."

See him leaning on his clublet,  
On his spear that knows no brother,  
At his feet his faithful daschund,  
By his side his throne's successor,  
Good old Gadabout, the Fat One.

Lo! The war-canoes make ready,  
Tho' there is no sign of combat,  
But the great Yap-a-hoot-tee wills it;  
Knowing if you want a rumpus,  
You can rile some other Injun,  
By a chip upon your shoulder,  
By a show of bow and arrow,  
By a tomahawk and cou-stick,  
And a scalping knife held ready.

What is that, the thunder roaring?  
Nay, 'tis only Yap-a-hoot-tee,  
Just our Yap soliloquizing,  
In the highways and the hedges,  
In the forest and the meadows,  
In the wickiups and lodges,  
Hearken to his windy mouthings,  
About everything and nothing,  
Till somebody disagreeing  
With his wild and woolly statements,  
Wakes his wrath and loud he sputters:  
"Liar, liar, liar, liar,  
Ananias, Judas, Jael,  
Frail and foul prevaricator,  
Falsehood maker and retailer,  
Know that I alone am truthful,  
Since that other perfect mortal,  
Who was e'enmost my equal,  
Chipped a tree with childish hatchet,  
And cried: 'Popper, Franklin done it!'"  
Hear the song of Yap-a-hoot-tee,  
Song of battle and of buncombe,  
Song of cayuseless cowboy,  
Suffering from paranola.

"Once I was alone in Cuba,  
And I fought my way unhindered  
Up the bloodless Hill of Kettie,  
To imaginary trenches,  
And suppositious foemen,  
Facing fierce, fictitious bullets,  
Daring non-est bursting shrapnel,  
Thru a hazy dream of carnage,  
Reached the top, where never Spaniard,  
Cocked a cannon or a Mauser,  
Since this globe first started twirling.

Yet, I seemed to see a dago  
And I somehow seemed to shoot him  
In the back as he was fleeing  
From My dental exhibition;  
And 'false, perjured,' ghoul-like Clarence  
Guessed that he had shot another.  
Then I wandered in the twilight,  
To San Juan and howled and hollered,  
And sent off some press dispatches,  
Next I blew my breath out strongly,  
While my tongue went wiggle-waggle,  
While my goose quill writ round-robins,  
Till the foe in San-ti-ago,  
Crossed himself and said 'Hail, Mary,  
This is not a common wind-storm,  
'Tis more like a hot air-ro-co,  
Sac-ra-mento, Sol-fer-ino,  
Hi, Cos-petto, Dam the Gringo,  
We would better far surrender  
Than be talked to death, by Jingo!'"

## WAS BROWARD THE VICTIM OF A PLOT?

The Central Union Times of Jacksonville, the labor union organ of Florida, edited by Robert L. Harper, himself a soldier, a former member of the Leesburg Rifles, and later of the Ocala Rifles, writes a long article in his paper, headed, "Was Governor Broward the Victim of a Plot?"

Editor Harper writes as if he believes that the governor was, but gives out no intimation as to who was at the bottom of it, but we are led to believe that it must have been Andrew Carnegie, Henry M. Flagler, George Wilson, J. R. Parrott, or some other awfully bad man.

Pensacola was friendly to Broward—both newspapers, all the county and municipal officers and the labor unions, etc., so who was at the bottom of the plot?

The Central Union Times says: On last Sunday afternoon the peace and quiet of the Sabbath was rudely broken by the sonorous tones of the "Big Six" call from the monstrous whistle of the Jacksonville water works. It was the signal for a general movement by citizens of every denomination in the direction of the armory. A few minutes after the call sounded the Central Union Times man and several friends who were in the immediate neighborhood were on the spot and watched the preparation of the troops with much interest.

In that vast multitude of people there was hardly a man who was not outspoken in his criticism of the action. All of them seemed very well posted upon the conditions in Pensacola, and why not? Even the corporation paper had come out that morning with an account stating that the situation was well under control and no violence was being resorted to, and that it was the opinion that troops were not necessary.

But according to the plot, troops must be had, so send them we did. And they went, leaving over the Sea-board about 7:15 p. m. And with them went the cheers of a few hysterical women, who feel that every "kid" in a uniform is a hero, and the jeers and denunciations of almost every male member of the vast throng.

Immediately, or as soon as they could be gotten together, several members of the Central Trades and Labor Council of this city, who were joined by members of other labor organizations, gathered at the Central Council hall, and this committee sent a friend to ask an interview with Governor Broward, who it was learned was in town.

After innumerable waits, a conference between the committee and the governor was fixed for 9 p. m. The committee was on hand promptly at 9 o'clock, and then was occasioned several delays, so it was nearly midnight when his excellency finally arrived at his office.

A long conference followed, but it was found impossible for the committee to prevail upon the governor to recall his orders. He expressed himself as heartily in sympathy with the laboring people, and ready to do all he could to serve them, and bitterly denounced the tactics of the corporations in their endeavor to crush out the laboring people of the country and especially of Florida.

At a late hour in the morning the conference ended, neither side, apparently, having gotten much satisfaction therefrom. It was the general belief, however, that the governor realized the seriousness of the situation, and appreciated the fact that someone had blundered. The troops were gone, though, and it was no use to cry over spilt milk. In the meantime, he had not the courage to jump into the breach and recall the troops. He was evidently in a most unenviable position. No man on the committee just then would have cared to change places with the governor.

The fact that the governor hearkened to the request and ordered out the troops, and upon every hand was heard scathing denunciations of the action, and the opinion repeatedly expressed that it "put another spike in Broward's coffin," would lead one to suppose that the action will cut quite a figure in the senatorial race now being pulled off, and in which the governor is a candidate, asking for the votes of the people, of whom he has heretofore always been a champion. It was anti-corporation, people's, labor union vote by which he was elected over the corporation-railroad candidate when he ran for governor.

Many people thought that Broward made a bad break in coming out against Lamar in the first place, as Mr. Lamar has always stood with the people under all circumstances, has advocated the cause of the common people against that of corporate greed, and in every instance shown himself to be consistently on their side. When the senatorial race started and Mr. Lamar (upon the death of Senator Mallory, who was also a west Floridian) decided to ask the people

for the promotion, they felt that he was justly entitled to it, and he has ever since been the leading candidate in the race. Among the people who could be counted upon to support Lamar were nearly all the voters who helped to make Broward governor. When Broward offered it handed up to these people the proposition of sticking to their determination of remembering their friends on the one hand and backing up William B. Lamar, or turning from him and supporting Broward, thereby playing one friend against another—a game that always has and always will spell disaster and defeat. They generally declared they would not forsake Lamar for Broward at this critical stage of the game, no matter how much they might be in favor of the latter's advancement, and it must be conceded that in this they showed the fidelity for which the laboring classes are generally given credit.

Under the circumstances Broward was severely criticised for "butting into the race" when it "looked good" to the people, and his advent only muddled matters. Had he held off and "torn his shirt" to elect Bill Lamar from west Florida, as he should have done, there is no power in politics which could have prevented him from succeeding Tallafiero in the next election, and he would have been elected from his own district. It was the opportunity of his life to make a ten-strike politically, but it would appear that he had been either slow to appreciate the advantage this action would give him, or that he has been ill-advised by some over-zealous political adherents.

But, whatever may be said about his entry into the race, and the handicap it put on both he and Lamar, it is to be deplored that he should have shown so much near-sightedness as to fall into this last trap laid for him. Listening to the recommendations of officials whom public gossip says has knives up their sleeves ready to give him his political death-blow at any moment—who are notoriously at war with him, coupled with a hatched-up excitement forced upon a few street car men for the occasion, he has gone down into the hole dug for him by the corporate influences, and it is hardly expected that he will be able to extricate himself in time for the primary.

The sheriff of Escambia county wired a protest against the sending of the militia, declaring that they were not needed and that a prominent official, who was supposed to be handling the situation in his official capacity, advised the governor that it was his opinion that the sheriff was "trying to hedge on account of organized labor."

Governor, always look before you leap. Serve the people all the time, for a wrong once charged up is with much difficulty obliterated.

## HOT SPRINGS, ARK.,

Is no competition against Lippman's Great Remedy for the cure of Rheumatism.

James Newton, Aberdeen, Ohio, says P. P. P. did him more good than three months' treatment at Hot Springs, Ark.

W. T. Timmons of Waxahatchie, Tex., says his rheumatism was so bad that he was confined to his bed for months. Physicians advised Hot Springs, Ark., and Mineral Wells, Tex., at which places he spent seven weeks in vain, with his knees so badly swollen that his torture was beyond endurance. P. P. P. made the cure and proved itself as in thousands of other cases the best blood purifier in the world, and superior to all Sarsaparillas and the so-called Rheumatic Springs.

Sold by all druggists.

## JOHN A. JOHNSON

The visit of John A. Johnson to Kentucky, as the guest of honor at the altogether happy banquet of Louisville Democrats on Jefferson's birthday, has added materially to the rapidly growing ranks of the Minnesota Governor's admirers, while it has disclosed to Kentucky Democrats a new leader, to whose future they will look with confidence and inspiration.

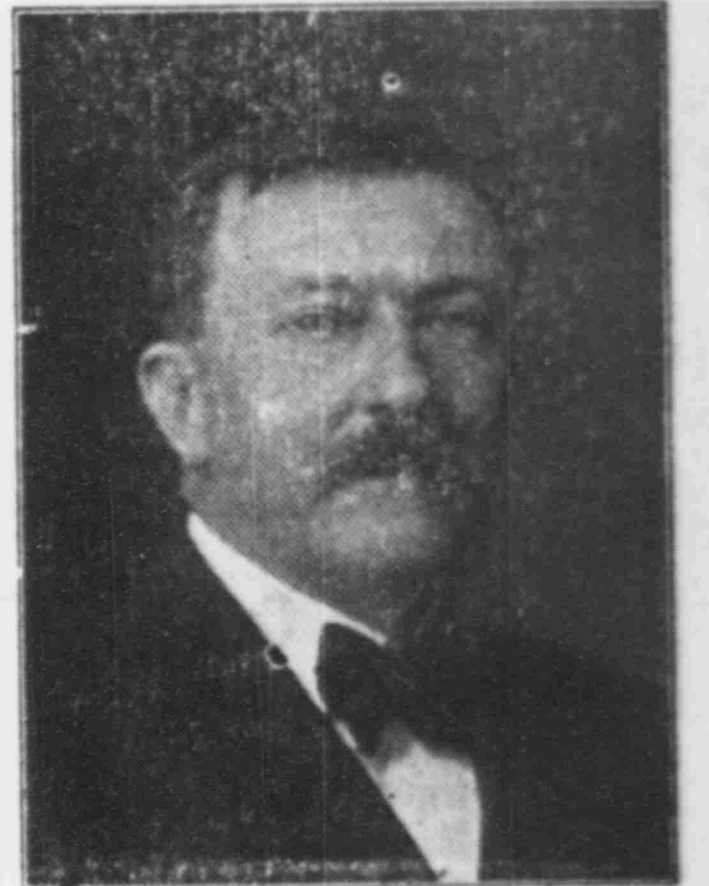
In an imperfect way they had understood something of the man's position and power in Minnesota, but it was not until they had the evidence of their own eyes and ears that they really comprehended the secret of that position and power. But having seen and heard him, they now know him as one combining in himself the rare qualities which constitute the born chieftain of men. Intellectually they know that he measures up to the standard of the statesmanship demanded by our ideals for our highest official station; but, more than that, they know that with the mind and character of such a statesman he unites a temperament and personality that broaden his field from that of statesmanship into the wider and more potent one of popular leadership.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Seventy Japanese scientists and statesmen will call on Roosevelt this week, but as there is one of him and only seventy of them, the result is still in doubt.—Atlanta Journal.

## ALBERT W. GILCHRIST

Candidate For Governor of Florida

No faction, machine or ring brought him out. He came out as a candidate alone and single handed. He will be glad to receive the support of the corporations, of the anti-corporations, the prohibitionists and the anti-pro-



ALBERT W. GILCHRIST

hibitionists, of the local optionists, the Christians and the Jews and of the gentiles, the "publicans and sinners." He would even accept the support of the Pharisees.

The corporations cannot do without the people, and the people cannot do without the corporations. Neither should be allowed to oppress the other. Capital is organized; labor should organize.

The license-tax licensing each little enterprise should be amended in order that taxation should bear more evenly.

Article XIX of the constitution provides for local option. The qualified electors (not the governor) approve or veto constitutional amendments. He is not on the "recently constructed band wagon."

He commenced life working in Quincy, Florida, at a salary of \$15 per month, and boarded himself. He has himself been a hard-working, struggling man and he knows what it means in others. He has never married. He has always had obligations. His life has been spent more in thoughtful consideration of other people than of himself. He feels sure he will be elected, "if he gets enough votes." He does not propose to trade off a single office. There is honor in being governor. If it is tainted with dishonor he does not want the office.

Complete Dinner Sets and Odd Pieces

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Roofing,

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and Magnite Wall Paints.

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